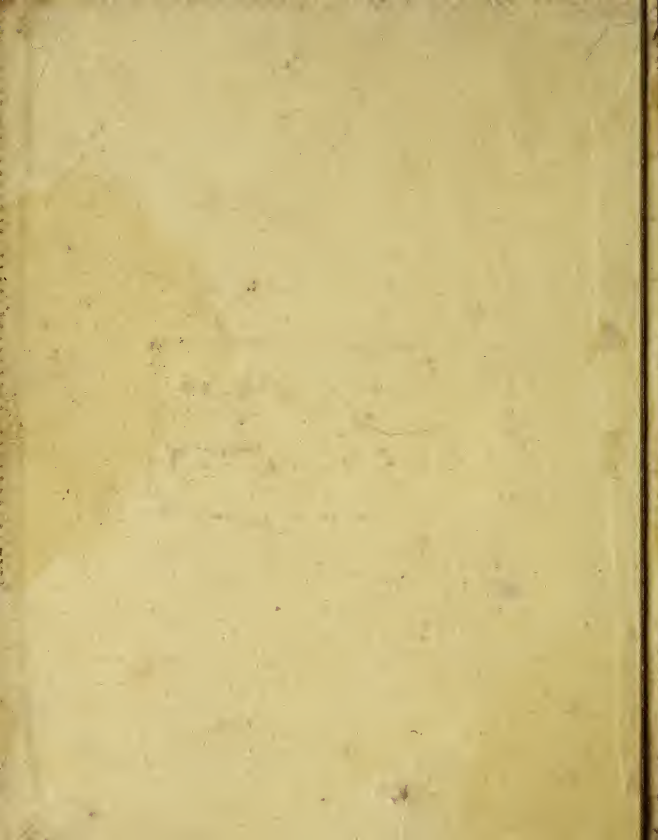
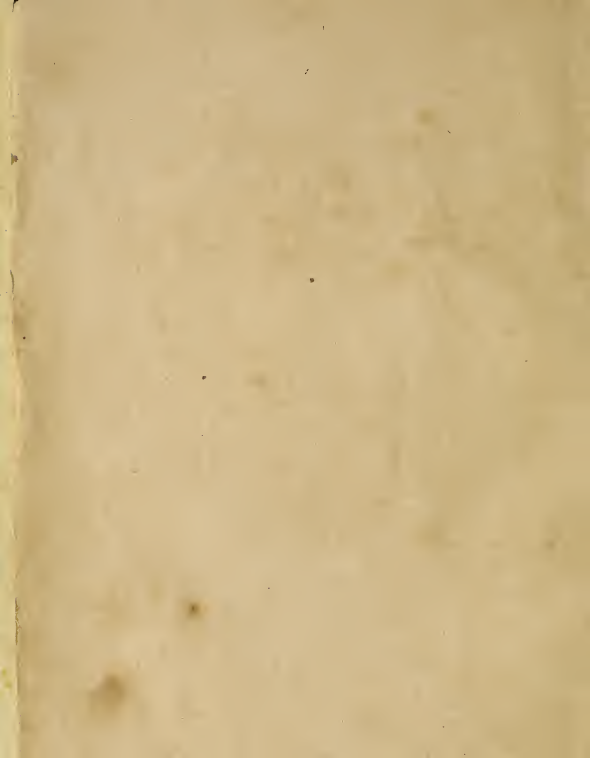


PROGRESSIVE TALES
FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN
FIRST SERIES



W. S. P.
1897





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TALE III. p 233.

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1835

PROGRESSIVE TALES
FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN.

IN SINGLE SYLLABLES
OF
SIX, SEVEN, AND EIGHT LETTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“VERY LITTLE TALES FOR VERY
LITTLE CHILDREN.”

First Series.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY FRASER & CO.
NORTH BRIDGE.

1835.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by ANDREW SHORTREDE, Thistle Lane.

P R E F A C E.

HAVING been requested by several mothers of experience, who have borne testimony to the usefulness of the *Very Little Tales*, to follow up that work progressively into stories, in words of two

full syllables, the author has here endeavoured to comply with their desire ; and shall think herself amply rewarded for whatever trouble the attempt may have cost her, should the latter part of her undertaking meet with the same approbation which the public have so kindly awarded to the first.

THE
BLIND BOY.

IN WORDS OF SIX LETTERS.

PART I.

THE BIRTH DAY.

Grace and Claude Arne were twins. Their birth day was on the eighth of May ; and it had just come round.

They were now in their teens, and each was glad to be no more a child.

Claude was a fine stout boy, tall and well grown for his years. Grace was a sweet, meek girl, wise, and good, and kind : just such a girl as Jane Hare, of whom I told you in the last tales I wrote for you.

The sun shone bright and

clear on this new day of their birth ; the air was fresh and pure ; the herbs and plants smelt sweet ; the trees were full of birds, that sang gay songs on each tall spray.

Claude and Grace had spent the first part of the day in peace and joy ; and when the cool eve came on, they took a walk by the side of a nice clear brook,

that ran thro' a glade not far from their home.

Claude took with him his dog and a gun, in hopes to shoot some birds in the glade, and he had on his back a neat small creel,* made of white rods, to hold all the game he might chance to find. He had yet to learn that it was wrong to kill, *in*

* Scottish for a sort of *basket*.

sport, that which GOD had made with life : so he told Grace to take his rod in her hand, that, in case he did not meet with birds, he might try to catch some trouts out of the stream, which was full of fine fish.

Grace took the rod, tho' she did not much like the work ; and she took with her, too, a nice set of tales,

a birth day gift which she had just got, that, when he was at his sport, she might sit down on the bank and read her new book.

Now, Claude had gone up the glade on the one side, and down the brook on the other side, and, though birds rose all round him, yet he did not kill one. At last, up got a fine wood guest from

its nest : it is a kind of wild dove ; and he took aim at it, in great haste, and shot it, he knew not well how ; but it fell down close to the spot where Grace sat.

The shot made her start, and, when she saw the wood guest fall at her feet, she took it up, to try if she could save its life ; but the poor thing gave one gasp of

pain, and then lay dead in her hand.

“What hard, hard hearts they must have, who like to kill birds in this way for mere sport!” said she.

“Were I a man, I would not fire a gun *at things with life*, for all the world.”

Claude, who just then came up, gave a loud laugh, and said, “Well, I am sure





I would not fire at things that were dead : and, if you were a man, Grace, you would do as I do ; but, since it makes you sad to see the birds fall, I will lay down my gun, and try to catch some trouts with my rod.”

So he threw out his line on the smooth stream, and soon drew out a fine large fish, and when he took it

off the hook, he flung it to Grace. It fell at her feet, too, and she saw it gasp, and beat its sides on the hard stones ; and she shut her eyes, and said, “ Oh ! this is worse, much worse, than the first ! Oh, Claude ! when God gave life to that sweet bird, and this poor trout, I think He did not mean that we should kill

them *for our play.*” As she spoke, she ran to put the trout back into the stream ; and, just as Claude was on the point to stop her, he gave a start, and she heard him say, “ Hark, Grace ! do you not hear some strange cry ?” Grace dropt the fish in the brook, and, as she stood to see it swim down the tide, she too

heard a cry, so loud, and long, and full of wo, that Claude and she ran off at once to search all round, and try to find out where the voice could come from.

PART II.

A GOOD AUNT.

They ran on till they came to a small mud cot, with a roof of sods, which had once been a shed for cows ; and it was so old, and low, and small, that

Grace said she was sure no one could be there ; but out of this mud hut the sounds of wo had come : and now they both heard the cry once more.

“ Who *can* it be ? ” said Grace.

“ Some one in great pain, I fear,” said Claude ; “ some poor wretch, it may be, who has gone in here to die : let

us go in and ask if we can be of use."

As he went in, Grace stood at the door ; and they saw some straw spread on the damp, cold floor, and on this straw lay the form of a girl, who did not seem to be quite young : yet she was not more than twice the age of Grace.

Whether she lay in sleep

or death, they could not tell : for they had never seen death, and did not know what it was like ; but they had heard that, some times, to the child of GOD, it looks like a sweet, calm rest : and some thing told them both that this poor girl would wake no more in this life.

A boy, not quite so old as Claude, sat by her side.



He was weak and ill ; and he was still worse,—he was blind ! Day had no light for him ; the night and the day to him were both the same. He was for a short time mute and still ; but at last he got up, and felt all round the bed, to know if the girl who lay on it still slept. He laid his hand on her face, and found it cold ;

her eyes were shut, and so were her lips ; she slept, but it was the sleep of death. Her life had been a life of wo, and GOD had now seen fit to take her soul to a place of rest, where no more pain could reach her.

“ She will not speak to me,” said he ; “ she cannot speak : she is dead, quite dead, and I am left with

no one near to help me. Oh, my Aunt ! my Aunt ! how shall I live with-out you ? My poor blind eyes can-not see you ; but they can weep for you : and so they shall, my whole life long.”

As he spoke, the blind boy threw him-self on the straw, by the side of his dead aunt ; and his sobs and

moans grew once more so loud and sad, that Grace could not but weep as fast as he did ; and Claude, in spite of all he did to keep them back, felt his tears fall too.

Grace went to the bed side, and said, in a mild voice, “ Ah ! do not weep, poor boy ! that cannot bring your good aunt back to life ;

but, if she has taught you to love GOD, and to trust in His SON, you will yet go where you will meet her once more, though she cannot come to you."

As she spoke, Claude took the boy by the hand, to let him know how much they both felt for him ; but he drew it back in haste, to clasp his arms round his

aunt, and he clung to her dead form as if it had been still in life. He had staid in that cold, damp hut, and been her nurse for a whole week, and had scarcely had food or rest for all that time ; and he was now so weak, that the sound of a strange voice, kind as it was, made him start : his head swam round, and he

felt so sick and ill, that he thought he too was now to die.

But his race was not yet run ; and though he sank into a swoon, that made both Grace and Claude fear he was dead, yet God had a long life in store for him. For He knew that, while the eyes of this poor boy were dark, his mind was

full of light, and that he was fit to be of much use to those who, though they have sight, will not see things as they ought.

His aunt had taught him, from the book which cannot lie, that all things work for good to those who love and fear GOD ; and when at times he felt in grief at his own want of sight, the words

which she spake from the Book of Life came into his mind, and he would try, with all his heart, to trust in CHRIST, and to wait for the time when He should see fit to turn to good all that now seemed to be evil in his lot.

PART III.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

It was not long till Grace and Claude saw that the blind boy was in a swoon ; and, as they were at a loss to know what to do for him,

an old man came into the hut, who had seen the boy and his aunt some times, and who told them all he knew of them.

“ He is a good child,” said this old man ; “ and his young heart is full of love both to God and man ; but he is ill from grief and want. He came here with her who now lies dead by

his side : I do not know from what place ; but his aunt fell ill : and, when she grew too weak to work or to walk, she led him into this poor hut, where she lay down to die. It was I who spread this straw for them to lie on, and who brought them such scraps of food as I could beg from those who had more to spare

than I had. It was all that I could do for them."

"And it was well done," said Claude. "Do you know the boy's name?"

"His name is Paul Frere ; and, if I was not as poor as he is himself, I would take him with me, and keep him as my child," said the man.

"Take him up in your arms, and bring him with

us, and we will take care of him, and will pay you for your pains," said Grace ; and, as the old man took him up to do as he was told, Claude ran on, and led the way to a lodge which was at the gate of his own home, and there he told the old man to bring in the boy.

" Our nurse lives here," said Grace, " and she will

soon make him well, if care can do it."

As soon as nurse saw them come into her house, with a blind boy in that weak state, she made the old man lay him on her own bed ; and both he and she did all they could to bring him out of his faint. At last they saw him move, and heard him sigh. Then he put out his

hands, from place to place, on the bed, as if he sought for some one ; and when he found that the form of his aunt was not near him, he got up, and would have gone to seek for her, but that the old man would not let him leave the bed.

“ Where am I ?” said he.
“ I know not where I am, or where my aunt is. She

is not gone from me, I trust. Ah, no ! she is not. When all else went from me, she took me as her child, and said she would not leave me. Ah, no, my aunt ! I know you have not left me : I who had no one to care for me but you.” As he said these words he fell back, and was so weak he would have gone into a swoon once more, but

that Grace put some wine to his lips, which he took drop by drop ; and nurse got him some warm food, which, in a short time, made him grow more strong.

“ Was it you, my aunt, who gave me this good food ? Thank God, who sent it to us both. But where have you been this long, long time, and why do you keep

so far from me ?” (As he spoke, he put out his hands to feel for her.) “ I have had sad dreams, dear aunt. I thought that you were dead ; and, oh ! what grief I felt without you ! Do come and bless me as your child once more.”

As the old man, Claude, and Grace, and nurse heard this, they could not stop

their tears ; but at last nurse said to him, “ Know, dear child, that when GOD takes from us those who have been our best friends, He does not leave us without help. He still, if we put our whole trust in Him, sends some new friend to be our stay, who will be kind to us for His dear sake.”

At the sound of this new

voice, Paul gave a start.
“Ah ! who would be like my
aunt to me, or whom could
I love like her ? But, oh !
I fear she is gone from me.
Yes, yes ! I now know that
God has sent to call her to
Himself. But how, oh !
how shall I live without her !
Oh, my aunt ! my aunt !
your hands were as my own
to work for me ; your feet

as mine, to lead my steps ;
your sight, as light to my
poor blind eyes : and now,
if you are gone, how shall
I live or move without you ?”

“ Trust but in God—the
God with whom your aunt
now dwells in bliss — and
He will guide and teach you
to do all things well, and
much that you cannot think
of now,” said nurse.

“ Oh ! how could I be taught, who have been blind from my birth ?” said he.

“ It seems to me that one who has no sight has got no soul, no sense. Oh, my aunt ! you were as the sight of my eyes, and the light of my mind. Yes ! she was as the voice of God to me : for she read to me from His own book all that I

ought to do, and say, and think.”

Here Claude took Paul's hand in his, and said, “ Did she not read to you from that blessed book, *When all we love on earth have left us, then the Lord will take us up ?*”

“ Yes, yes ! she read me words like these ; and I would fain trust in them :

but, oh ! who will read to me as she did, or teach me to go where she is gone ?”

“ I will read for you,” said Grace.

“ And I,” said Claude.

“ We will all teach you, and care for you,” said nurse.

“ But God, who sent these young friends to your aid, will Himself teach you in

the way that He shall choose."

"Yes !" said Claude ;
" He will yet let us teach
you to earn your own bread,
and to work for those who
cannot work for them-
selves."

Paul gave a sad smile.
" Ah, sir !" said he ; " do
you not know that you speak

to a blind boy? How can they work who cannot see?"

"Come with me," said Claude, "and I will take you where you will soon find that it can be done."

PART IV.

BLIND MEN.

Claude and Grace now led the blind boy to their own home, where their grand - papa, a good, and kind, and rich old lord, gave them leave to lay out part

of his wealth in aid of those who stood in need of help.

The old lord sat at this time on a seat which Claude had made for him, at the foot of a fine elm tree which grew in his lawn. He was bent with age ; but his face had a look at once kind and full of sense : yet it bore marks of care ; for the good old man had now no child

or grand - child left, save Claude and Grace, and, sad to say, he too was blind like Paul.

While Grace took Paul by the hand, and led him to the elm tree, Claude ran on and told his grand - papa where and how they had found the boy, and let him know all they knew themselves of his fate.

Then Lord Arne held out his hand, and said, “ Come here, poor boy, and trust to me to be your friend. Your lot and mine are, in part, the same, I hear : you were born blind, and I am blind from age. Now, let us both try to shew the world, that we can love God with our hearts, and serve him with our minds, as well as those

whom He has let to serve Him with their eyes."

"I would like to serve Him," said Paul Frere, "through all the days of my dark life, if I knew how; and, if I do, He will, I hope, take me at last to live with him, where my last friend is gone."

The old lord put his arm round the boy's waist, as he

said, “ If you put your whole trust in CHRIST, you need not fear : for He who shed his blood to save you, will let you join all those you love, and live with them and with him-self in bliss.”

“ And now, Paul,” said Claude, “ was not nurse right ? If God, for some wise end, took your last friend from you, has he not

sent you a new one ; one, too, who can get you taught to work for your own bread. Will you not be glad to learn ?”

Paul did not speak ; he bent his head, and felt as if no art of man could teach him how to work. “ I have no sight : all is dark to me.” At last said he, “ How then could I learn to work ?”

“ Though you have not sight, you have got sense,” said Lord Arne ; “ and you have got hands, and can be taught to use them, both for your-self and for the good of all man-kind.”

Paul was still mute ; and Lord Arne went on : “ If you go back by your-self to the lodge which you have just left, and bring me a

trunk out of the press which stands in the hall there, I will give you all the clothes which are in that trunk for your own, and will have you taught to earn and make up new things for your-self, by the time you shall have need of them."

The boy shook his head, and tears ran down his face. "I can-not go," said he ; " I

should not know which way to turn.”

Claude took his hand, and laid it on a large brass ring, which hung on a hook that had been put into one side of the tree. “Take hold of this ring,” said he; “lift it off the hook, and do not let it go. There is a long rope through the ring; one end of it is on the hook in

this tree, the far end is on a hook at the door of the lodge. Hold the ring, and run as fast as you please, and do not fear: the rope and the ring will guide you back to our good nurse."

Paul took the ring, and, at first, he was some-what in fear to run; but he did as he was told to do, and

soon had cause to be glad of it.

There was a nice soft path for his feet ; and as he held the ring while he ran, it ran on the rope with him, and was a guide for him, till it stopt at the lodge door. Here the rope had been made too thick for the ring to pass, and, as Paul gave it a pull to get on, he heard a

bell ring with such a loud toll as made him start.

“ Ah ! I have done some harm : what am I to do now ?” said he to him-self. But ere he had time to think more, the good old nurse came out, and shook him by the hand, and spoke to him with a kind voice, as if he had been her son.

He told her he was come

to bring a trunk to Lord Arne, out of some press in her house, but that he did not know how to get it.

“ A rope and a ring will take you through all the rooms in this house ; stretch out your hand, and feel for a new ring that runs at this end of your rope. When you have got it, drop the one you hold, which would

take you back to the lawn ; but this new one will lead you into the hall, where trunks of clothes are kept for those who can earn them."

Paul Frere did as he was told, and his new ring led him into the house, and up a long flight of stairs, to the press in which the trunks stood. " I fear," said he,

“ that I could not take up one of these large trunks, and hold the ring to guide me too.”

“ If you take the trunk, you need not hold the ring,” said nurse. “ Take one out, and place it in the small cart which you may feel at your feet.”

He did so ; and then bade

her tell him what he should do next.

“ Take a shaft of the cart in each hand, and try if you can push it on.”

Paul took up the cart ; and, as soon as he gave it the first push, the wheels went round, in a nice smooth deep rail - way, that made them run as fast as he could

go ; and the cart was so light, and ran with so much ease, that he felt it was like play to run with it.

PART V.

A HOUSE FOR THE BLIND.

Paul Frere went on with his cart for a long, long time ; so long, that at last he thought he could not be on the right way back to the lawn : and he stood still in

great fear, lest his dumb guide might lead him to some wrong place. Then the loss of his aunt came back to his mind, and his tears fell fast for her and for him-self. “She is far, far from me, and can-not come to lead me more,” said he ; “there is no one now to guide or help me.”

“Go where you may,

GOD will send friends to take care of you, if you trust in Him," said a voice not far off. "Though you cannot see Him, He sees you, and will watch and guard you in all your ways. Cast off all fear then, and go with your cart as far as it will lead you."

Paul went on ; and the wish he now had to know

where the cart would stop, sent his grief, for a short time, out of his mind. At last the wheels ran into a deep rut, and stood still ; and, as they did so, a bell rang once more. And now Paul heard a great noise, and sound of words, and steps, as if crowds of men and boys were near him. Some ran . here, and some

went there, and he heard them speak, and chat, and laugh, and sing, as if they were all glad and gay. As the bell rang, a boy came to Paul, and said, “ Who rings ?”

“ A blind boy,” said Paul. “ I come with a trunk for Lord Arne, which he bade me bring to him.”

“ He is in the hall where

we sup," said the boy ;
" leave the trunk here, and
we will go and tell him
that you have got it for
him."

This boy, whose name
was John, put a new ring
into Paul's hand ; and, while
he held it, he went on by a
long flag way into a large
hall, at the door of which he
stopt : for he felt that he

stood in front of a large crowd.

“ Oh ! what shall I do now ? ” thought he. “ How shall I get through this crowd of men, who can all see me, though I can - not see my way past them ? Oh ! how they must stare at my poor blind eyes ; and how glad they must all be to have their sight ! ”

John now took hold of Paul, and led him to Lord Arne, who said, in a kind voice, “Come near to me, Paul Frere. I wish to tell all the men here that you are a good boy, and that I mean to be your friend. Mean time, the trunk which you have brought to the door, and all that is in it, is your own. You have done

all I told you to do ; and now you must sit down and sup with the friends who are round you here.”

Lord Arne then put a cord, that ran close by the wall, into his left hand, and bade him walk with it in his hand, till he had felt five knots on the cord ; and when he came to the fifth, he was to sit down on the

form which was at his right side, and to know that this was his own place, when he came each day to eat his meals.

Paul took the cord, felt for the knots, and sat down on the form to sup with all that crowd of men and boys round him. Some ate, and some drank, and some stood to serve the rest ; and Paul got food which he thought

was the best he had had in all his life : and, when he had done, he bent his head, as his aunt had taught him, and said, “ Thank God for this good food, and for all His care of me this day.”

Just as he said this, a boy got up, and gave thanks in a loud voice, that all might hear and join in the same words.

Then Lord Arne told

John to take Paul Frere round the rooms of the house, and to let him know the plan of all the ropes and rings, knots and cords, by which he was to find his way from place to place ; and John said he would take Paul into his care, and teach him all he knew him-self ; and that, when he knew his way through the house, he

would teach him how to count, and do sums by means of a small bit of stick with five sides, and to read by means of a cord full of knots.

“ Will you not let me teach you, Paul ?” said this good boy.

“ Ah !” said Paul, “ *I* could not learn : you know I can-not see.”

“ Can I see ?” said John.

“ Yes,” said Paul, “ I hope so.”

“ You think there are none in this house, then, who do *not* see, but you and me ?” said Lord Arne.

“ Yes, my lord, I think so : I am glad to know that they can all see.”

“ But what will you say, when I tell you that there is

but one man who *can* see within these walls ?”

Paul stood mute for a long time. He could not think how what he heard could be ; but, at last, John told him he had lost his sight when a child, and men and boys came round him in crowds, who told him they were all blind like himself.

Then some of them told him what they could do, and what they could teach him to do, and told him of all their works both in and out of doors : one lad took him to his loom, and let him feel the webs and nice soft rugs he could weave ; one led him to his lathe, and made him turn it round, and said, that on this he had made all

the cups, and bowls, and plates of wood, which they had in use at meals.

And now Paul felt as if a blind boy might learn to do most things that a boy with sight could do ; and he was glad, and said in his heart, “ If my dear aunt knew that I could now learn to earn my own bread, so as not to beg round the world,

I think she would feel more joy through all her bliss."

Yet, as this thought came into his mind, he felt sad, and wept once more for her; but he set him-self to learn the work of his new lot with all his heart, and, with his kind friend John to help him, he could, in a short time, tell the rules by which

to find all the rooms, and stalls, and seats of that huge house.

PART VI.

BED TIME.

The time to go to rest was a sad hour to Paul. He had not, till now, gone to bed one night, that he knew of, till his aunt had first blest him, and made him

pray to GOD to bless them both.

Lord Arne was a man of GOD — a priest of a true church ; and when he built this house for the blind, he made in the midst of it a large hall, in which they might pray to the Most High, and hear his word : and in this hall, each night, a bell was rung, to call on

all that were in the house to come and thank their God for his care of them that day, and to ask that He would guard them through the night.

The old blind lord knelt down with them him-self, and spoke their wants in words so mild and plain, and with a heart so full of truth and zeal, that all who heard

him were led to join in what he said, and all felt their love to him and to their GOD grow more strong within their souls.

When he had done, Claude read a part of the Word of GOD for them ; and, as he shut the book, all stood up, and those who could sung a hymn, to beg that GOD would stay with them, and

guard them while they slept. As the sweet strain burst forth, and was heard to steal first, and then to swell round the hall, Paul felt, for the time, as if he were not on this earth, but in that world of love and bliss where his dear aunt had gone. With the last note all went to bed, and Paul was glad to think that, in time, he should

sing that sweet hymn himself, for his voice and ear were both good.

John gave a ring to Paul, which was to lead him to his room ; and when he lay down, he found his bed warm and good, and he gave thanks to God for it. The sweet hymn was still in his mind when he sank to rest, and his sleep was calm and full of peace.

Next day his mind was still more at ease, and, in a short time, he felt him-self at home, with friends all round him. He was glad when he heard that his aunt had been laid in the grave yard near him, with a neat tomb stone on her grave, to tell of her faith and trust in God.

Paul would at times lie

on this stone, and feel the words that were cut on it, to try if he could know their shape, and find out what they meant. He was at a loss to know how words which men speak with the tongue, and hear with the ear, could be seen by the eye; and while he sat by the tomb, if Claude or Grace came past, he would beg of

them to teach him all the signs which were cut on the stone.

When a few months were gone by, he said one day to Claude, “ Why may not I learn to read as well as you ? I know each mark which I feel on this stone, and know what to call them all ; might I not then be taught to know all such marks when

I feel them on the leaf of a book, and to spell and read them from the touch, as you do from sight ?”

Claude said it was a good scheme, and felt quite glad to think of it : and Paul and he laid plans each day how it might be done.

At last Claude got a set of types, and made Paul learn the names of the signs

that were on them ; and when he knew them all, he made him fill the types with thick ink, and press them on the leaf of a book ; and when it was dry, Paul felt the same signs on the leaf, and he was in joy, for he knew that he could now learn to know all that was in the book he held ; and he took so much pains, that,

in a short time, he could read it as well as Claude or Grace.

When years were gone by, and that he was a grown up man, he found out means to form a kind of press, to print books which might be felt with ease by those who were blind ; and Lord Arne, who saw that he was now a man of sense and worth,

made his will, and left him means to get on fast and well with all his works.

His plans for the use of the blind were all found to turn out well ; and it was seen that GOD gave him help in all he did : for that which GOD does not help, cannot come to a good end.

In course of time, when the good old Earl of Arne had

gone to his rest in the land of light, Claude, the new earl, made Paul the head of his blind house, and left all that was in it to his care, that he might guide it, and keep rule in it, as if it were his own.

His books for those who had not sight, and the plans by which he taught them, were known far and near,

and will, it is found, be of use while schools for the blind shall last.

Paul Frere was let to stay in a world where he was of so much use to a good old age ; but at length God saw fit to call him to Him-self. As he lay at the point of death, one of his friends said to him, that a sense of all the good he had done

must now fill his soul with joy.

“ No, no !” said he ; “ I feel no joy, but in the thought that CHRIST has shed His blood for me. I have done much that was wrong, and none but He can save me : for the wrong I did was all my own ; but the good I did came all from God. To Him be all the praise !”

Just so must we say, and
so must we think, if we
would hope to go where
Paul Frere is gone.

THE
MUTE GIRL.

How thankful should we ever be
To God, who makes us hear and see ;
Who gives us life, and health, and food,
And all things that may do us good.

'Twas He who form'd the eye, the ear,
'Tis He who makes them see and hear ;
Who guides the infant tongue to speak,
Who heals the sick, and helps the weak.

'Tis He who loves good children too :
And, when they wish His will to do,
He hears their faintest, feeblest breath,
And guards them both in life and death.

THE
MUTE GIRL.

IN WORDS OF SEVEN LETTERS.

PART I.

DEAF AND DUMB.

In the last tale you read
the life of a boy who was
blind : in this, you will hear
of a girl who was mute ;

that is, of one who could not speak.

Few girls are at a loss for speech, we are told ; and, if you would know why this poor child was dumb, you must be told that she was born quite deaf. She could not hear a sound, though it were as loud as the roar of a great gun. No noise could make its way into her ear.

When things of great weight were let fall at her side, she stood quite still, and did not know that they made a noise.

When you hear a loud sound, if it be short and quick, you start, and look round with fear ; and when you hear a nice soft tone that you like, you try to make one the same as it :

and GOD has let you learn with ease to do so.

He has made the mouth, and tongue, and throat, and ear, with such skill, and has knit them into one with so much care and art, that the tongue can learn to speak all that the ear can hear : and the ear can hear all that the tongue can speak ; but if the nerves of the ear are

hurt, or have the least fault, then the ear is of no use : it can-not hear ; and the use of speech is lost too : for how can one who has not heard men speak, learn to speak as men do ?

Had you been born deaf, it would have cost great pains, and much care and time, to teach you to speak at all, and still more to teach

you to read and write. Will you not, then, thank the good God, who has let you come into life with your whole frame with-out a fault, so that you can speak, and hear, and see, and laugh, and sing, at all times when you please. Oh ! do not, then, dear child, let one day pass, in which you will not raise your voice, your eyes,

your heart, with thanks and
praise to Him who gives
you such rich proofs of love.

But now it is time that
you should hear my tale.
Well, then, here it is.

PART II.

THE HALE WHIN BRAE.

I went one day to take a walk on a nice green hill, of which I had been fond from my youth. The name of the hill was the *Hale Whin*

Brae.^{*} Its top was high ; its sides steep ; it lay so well to the sun, and smelt so fresh of pure air, young herbs, and sweet shrubs, such as thyme, and heath, and furze, that the name was said by all to suit it well. Young or old, who were ill, came oft to sit at

^{*} Scottish, — *hale*, whole - some ; *whin*, furze ; *brae*, hill.

its base, and bask in the noon-tide sun ; and those who were well, came to sport on its top, or down its sides, when they felt the cool breeze of eve.

The house in which I was born stood near this brae, and a broad stream which ran round it was one by whose moss-grown banks I had oft-times sat, whilst I

read some nice new tale, that made the time seem to fly as fast as the brook by my side. At times, too, I ran and had my play with some young friend by the edge of the stream, as gay and full of life and joy, as the young trouts that swam within its tide.

There were few days of my life that I did not, when

a child, spend some hours near this spot ; and, now that I had grown old, each bush and brake, each rock and stone, was dear to me as some old friend.

While I sat on the bank, and thought of days long gone, my eye was caught by the sight of a man who stood in the stream, whilst a girl, who did not seem to be more

than five years of age, stood by his side in the flood.

The tide ran fast, and was both deep and strong, and she shook with cold and fear as she clung to the skirt of his coat.

The man had his hands deep down in the stream, and at times he took up some small fish, which he made the child hold in her frock. He had a glad look

as he caught each fish : for he knew that, with the price which he should get for them, he could buy some food for her and for him - self ; but the child did not seem to care. Tears ran down her cheeks, and there was something in her face so sad, and yet so mild, that I got up, and went to ask her what I could do to serve her.

I held out my hand, and





said, two or three times, “Are you ill, poor child? Why do you cry? Come here to me, and I will try to be of use to you;” but she did not speak, or seem to hear.

At last the man made a sign to her to go, and told me she was his child, but that she had been born deaf and dumb, and that, though

she was a good child all her life, she could do no one thing for him or for her-self. His wife was just now dead, and he did not know what to do with this poor mute girl whom she had left to his care.

“What do you try to do for her?” said I.

“I sell these fish, when I can find them, to buy her

food ; and, when they are not to be had, I have to let her beg : for though she does not speak, she could make signs that would tell her wants as well as words could do ; but the young fool does not like to beg, and we all know that the poor, who will not ‘ work or beg, must starve or steal.’ ”

“ Your child will, I hope,

do none of these things," said I. "Let her come to me, and I will put her to a school, where she may learn to work, and to do much that may be of use to herself and you."

"Send my poor dumb Kate to a school!" said he. "What would wife say if she heard that? and what could a deaf and dumb girl

learn at one of your schools,
I want to know ?”

“ She can learn to know
the God who made her as
she is,” said I ; “ and she
can learn to read, and write,
and work for her bread.”

“ Search the world round,”
said the man in a rough tone,
“ and you will not find a
place where you could teach
a mute to know who made

her ! I find it hard my-self to know what our priest would be at, when he talks to me of such things ; but what could she learn of them, or how could she be taught ?”

“ Do but let her try,” said I. “ Give her to my care for one year, and I will shew you that she *can* be taught to read, and write, and work, and that she may

.

yet earn her own bread, and yours too, if she has health and length of days.”

“Ha, ha, ha! I like a joke,” said he. “Learn to work for *my* bread! No, no. I be’s no such fool as to hope that.”

“Why not hope it?” said I. “Come with me to the school where I would like to place her, and you shall

see that He who, while He was on earth, made the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see, has lent us aid to teach them all that I have said. *Lend* her to me for the short space of one year, and I will be a friend to her, and care for her, as you would do yourself. You shall come to see her when you please; and,

in the end, if you do not like what I do for her, you can bring her back to your own home."

The man put up his hand, with a look of shame, to stroke his hair. "Why, ma'am," said he, "the truth is, I have no home to take her to. She does not like to beg — no more do I; but what can I do with her?"

So, since you speak so fair and kind, I think I will let her go with you. She will, at least, get food and clothes ; but as to think that she can *learn*, you need not tell me that."

" Well," said I, " I am glad you will let her try."

" I fear she will not go from me," said he : " for I can-not quit her for an hour

that she does not cry, just as she did when my poor wife went to her grave ; and she seems to think, when I am not in her sight, that I am gone to mine too.”

I now made signs to the mute child to come to me ; but she drew still more close to the man, whose name was John Roche, as if she had a

mind to shew that she would not leave him.

When he brought her to my side, I took her cold hands in mine, to rub them warm, and drew her on by the road that led to my own home, while she still cast back her eyes at Roche, to see that he came with her ; yet, to my eyes, he had a dark look, and stern air,

that would have made me, I thought, feel much more fear than love for him.

When we came to my house, I took them both in, and gave them food, of which I saw they stood in need ; and I put a good warm dress on Kate, which she was in great joy to get.

When she saw her-self in a neat new frock, and her

feet and legs, for the first time, in shoes and socks, and when she felt the warmth which they all gave her, a glow of joy spread on her cheeks, and her soft eyes sent such a glance of thanks to me, as told me that her young heart could feel what her tongue could not speak.

PART III.

THE LOOKING GLASS.

When a short time had gone past, so that Kate had lost all fear of me, I took her round all the rooms of my house, to make her feel at ease, and at last brought

her into my own. Then I told her, by signs which I made on my hands, the use of most of the things which she saw stand round her, and then I taught her to make the same signs herself.

At length I saw her fix her eyes on a large glass, in which she might have seen her-self from head to foot,

had not the plate been hid by a long scarf, which hung on it. I knew by her face that she had a strong wish to know the name and use of this tall frame, and I felt at a loss how to teach them to her. I will tell you how I strove to do so.

I got a bit of glass, and with some black paint wrote *G* on it ; then I taught her

to make that sign on her hands ; (you may learn from your mamma to do the same ;) then I wrote *l*, and *a*, and *ss* ; and taught them to her in the same way.

When she could make them all quite well, I gave her the bit of glass, and, with looks and signs, let her know she was to see something of that kind. I then

took the scarf off the frame, so that she might see its use.

Her face was fair ; but though her cheeks were of pure red and white, she had a look of ill health, that told she was not meant for this world ; yet the face was one that all might like to look at : for it was mild, and sweet, and full of sense,

and told at once the thought that was in her heart.

I wish you had seen the stare with which she saw her-self in the glass for the first time. She gave a long look at her shade, and then at me, and then at her-self once more ; and then a look of fun and glee stole into her eye, and she would shake her head from side to

side, to make her curls come round her face ; and then she would nod to the shade, and when she saw it nod back to her, she burst into a laugh so loud, that I heard Roche, who stood out-side the door, laugh too.

Kate did not, of course, hear him, nor did she at that time seem to think of him. Her mind was too much

caught by what she saw. She would look at me, and touch me as I stood by her side, and would next try to touch me in the glass, and then laugh once more when she saw her shade do still just what she did.

At last she thought of Roche, and gave a look all round the room, and into the glass, to search for him.

It made me sad to see how much she strove for means to ask me where John was ; but when she found that all her pains were vain, she gave a deep sigh, and stood with her eyes set on the glass, as if to watch for him ; but as he was no-where to be seen, she thought he must have gone from her :

so she burst into a fit of tears.

Roche heard her sobs, though she could not hear them her-self; and as he came inside the door-case, to see what was wrong with her, she saw his form in the glass.

At that sight, ere I could stop her, she cast her-self on

the frame, in hopes to catch him, and fell with it on the floor.

The glass was broke, and lay in bits all round her ; but, though she was much cut and hurt, she did not cry, but rose in haste, and ran to John, who now stood in her view.

Rough as Roche was, he did not like to see his child

hurt, or in a fright ; and he took her in his arms, and told her by signs that he had been near her all the time, which made her glad.

But now she cast her eyes on the bits of glass, then threw a glance of fear and awe at me. I took her by the hand, and gave her cheek a kiss, to set her mind at rest ; and then she put her

slight arms round my waist,
and strove to clasp me close
to her, to shew her thanks.

From that time forth she
lost all fear of me, and in a
week's time, when she had
seen my school, and all the
girls of her own age and
size whom I had in it, she
told me, by her own strange
signs, that she would stay,
and live with me and them.

I gave John Roche the charge of a small farm a few miles off ; and when he told Kate what I had done, she was in joy, and did not ask to go with him, but said, if he would come and see her, she would stay with me.

A year had not gone round when she could read and write well : for it was found that she could learn more in

one month, than some that were twice her age could do in two, though they could speak and hear. The cause was this : *She* did not hear what was said, or know what was done near her ; so she could give her whole mind and thought to what she had to learn.

PART IV.

A FIT OF ILLNESS.

My tale would be too long, were I to tell all that this mute girl was known to do while she was at my school. As she was the best child within its walls, so she was

the one for whom all felt most love.

Roche had told her that he would come each week to see her : and, at first, he did so ; but he soon broke his vow, and did not come near her for months, and some-times more. Her frame was weak, and her health at all times bad ; and when she did not see him for a

long time, we saw her pine and grow more pale, and we knew that she was in grief, though she would try not to let it be seen.

As she grew up she got worse and worse, and at last was struck with a pain in her head, which we all thought would have put an end to her life ; but it was not the will of Him in whose

hands are life and death, to call her to Him-self so soon.

Her chief pain was in her ears ; and when for a short time, now and then, it would quit her head, and let her be at ease, we found, to our great joy, that her ears had got some sense of sound : for when a shrill voice or loud noise went near her, it hurt her brain, and she would

start, and seem as if all her pain had come back.

As days and weeks went by, that pain grew less, and at last she could bear to hear us speak in the room with her; nay, she would try to make sounds like those we made, and was heard to lisp them out just like a babe of a year old.

Those who were with her

spoke to her with care and pains, when they found a fit time, and strove, with all the skill they could, to make her know what their words meant: for as yet, though she heard them speak, she did not know what they said; yet she was glad to try and speak as we did, and was full of joy when, for the first time, she saw

that we found out the words she had a mind to say.

In time, with great pains, she grew to speak more plain, and with much more ease ; but still her voice and words were like those of a child, and made all who heard her feel more love for her.

As she got more and more the use of speech, her ears lost that too quick sense of

sound which, at first, gave her so much pain ; but, in time, the nerves grew dull once more, so that she could not hear as you or I do ; yet she could still know all that we said, when we took pains to speak to her in a nice soft voice and low tone.

It was a long, long time since Roche had come to the school, and he had not

heard of the strange change that had come to pass in his child ; but one day, when no one thought of him, he came and stood at the school room door to look for her.

Kate was then more than twelve years old, and was tall and fair, and of fine form for that age ; but still we found that, day by day, her health got worse.

When John came in, she sat with her back to the door, on a seat close by the fire, while a chair, with a large book spread out on it, stood in her front. On this book she leant, with eyes and mind so bent on what she read, that she did not know who was near her. Tears ran down her cheeks in large drops, and fell on

the leaf of her book ; yet she did not seem to feel them, but still read on.

When John saw her grown so tall, and look so pale and wan, as she sat in tears by the desk, he said to him-self, “ So, so ! I see how it is ! The folks here force my poor dumb child to learn her book, and they beat her, it may be, to make her get

her tasks ; but, if that be so, I will take her out of their hands this day, and will not let her stay one hour more in their school.”

As he said this, he stole to her side with a look much more kind than he had had in times past ; and he put his arm round her waist, and gave her cheek a kiss, to let her know that he was come to see her.

She gave a start as she felt him touch her ; and, when she caught a sight of his face, she sprang into his arms, and her joy to see him was so great, she could not find words to speak to him.

At sight of what she felt, each face in the school-room wore a glad smile, and some could scarce keep back a tear, as they heard the soft

voice in which she strove to tell him all that had come to pass with her since she saw him last.

But *her* start was small to that which John gave, as he heard the first sound of her voice ! He made a bounce back from her, and, with a loud oath, (for such words of sin were at all times too near his mouth,) he *swore*

she *could* not be *his* child. Then, when he heard her go on to talk, and speak so well, he felt in awe, and was for a time struck dumb as she had been : for he thought the change he saw must have been brought round by some strange art.

Roche did not know God, and those who do not know and fear Him, are apt to be

in dread of some - thing in their own minds they know not what ; nor can they know : for there is no such thing in the world ; yet they some-times give this thought of their's a name, and call it a *witch*, or what else they please.

Now all the girls in the school - room burst into a laugh, as they heard John

call out, "This is not my child ! What have they done with my poor dumb Kate ? Some *witch* has swept her off, and left this long May-pole in her place, to look like her."

But the soft smile and fond kiss which Kate gave him as she saw his fear, told him she was still his own.

I then let him know how

ill she had been, and told him the way in which He who had made her deaf at first, now thought fit to make her speak and hear.

Roche was then at rest, but he was sad when he saw her still look so ill. In the midst of all her joy to have him with her, she would now and then turn her eyes to the large book which still

lay on the chair at the fire-side. Her great wish was that he could read it ; and, as he saw her gaze at it with such a look of care on her brow, he once more thought that those by whom she was taught, made her learn things that were too hard for one in her state.

He made signs, to ask her why she had been in tears

when he came in. “Is it not,” said he, “that they *force* you to read that great large book, which is not fit for you?”

“No,” said she; “it is not force that makes me read that book: for I love to read it; but the sad tale it tells me, makes me sometimes cry for those who cannot read it for them-selves.”

“What tale is that?”
said John.

“A true tale,” said she,
“and one that *all* should
know. Oh! would that *you*
could read it!”

“Then, since I can - not
read it, you must tell it to
me, my child, in these sweet
words of yours, that go to
my heart as I hear them.”

“I could not, I fear, tell

it to you now," said she, "till I can read and speak with more ease; but in a few months' time, when you come back to see me, if God spares my life so long, I will read it for you, from a nice new book which I won by my tasks at this school, and which you must keep for my sake."

Roche said he should be

glad to get it from her hand, and went his way. When he next came back, he bade her fetch her book ; and, with an arm round her waist and eyes set on her face, he sat by her side while she read for him this tale.

PART V.

ALL TRUE.

“ A long, long time since, when there was no day or night, there lay in the clouds a huge mass of dull, dead clay. It had no shape or form, and was quite void of

use. It did but float on the winds, like some vast bird which they had caught on the wing, and borne up on high.

“ To this dead mass of clay, there came down ONE who was both great and good. His name was the PRINCE OF PEACE. He came to fix it in the air, to mould it into form, to deck

it out with all things rich and fair, and to make it a fit home for those to live in whom He means to place on it, that they might dwell there, in peace and joy, through-out their lives.

“ He put *in* it, and *on* it, and all round it, sights to please the eye, sounds for the ear, scents for the smell, and sweets for the taste ;

and when He had done *all* to His own wish, and that he saw that His work was good, then He made, from a small part of that same clay, a race of men, and did breathe into them the breath of life ! They had frames that *need* not die, and souls that *could* not die, like to His own, and He made them *all* for bliss !

“ They were pure in heart, and free in mind ; they had health that knew no pain, and were so strong that they could not grow weak by age. He put them into His new world, and bade them live in it, and rule it, in love and joy.”

Here Kate stopt to take breath. “ This,” said she, “ is the first part of what is

told in my book ; the tale that made me cry is yet to come.”

Rough John felt his heart melt within him as he heard her speak so well, and he told her, with a kind voice, that he must now go home, but that he would be glad to hear more of that nice tale when he came back to see her.

When next he came, he had not sat half an hour, till he bade her get her book, and read him the rest of her strange tale ; and she, quite glad that he should ask for it, at once took up the book and read.

“ The new race whom the Prince of Peace had left in His new world to live at their own free will, soon

lost all thought of Him by whom they had been made, and fell into deep, deep sin.

“ All that He bade them *not* to do, they *did*, and what He bade them *do*, that they did not ; and thus they lost all right to stay in His fair world, or to live with Him in bliss.

“ Their frames grew weak

and frail, their flesh lost all that health, to give them length of days, which it had had at first, and their forms were now to waste and fade out of life, till they should sink back into the earth from whence they came ; but their souls (that breath of life which they had got from God, and which could not die) were then to quit

this earth, and go into a place where there was no peace, no joy ; where sin and wo were to reign without end.

“ The world they were to leave, and which, at the first, had been a place of joy, grew into one of vice and pain ! Peace and health fled from it ; and all who were on it lost, in their love

of sin, the love of Him who knew no sin.

“ But He was the Prince of Love as well as of Peace; and when he saw the lot of wo into which they had all let themselves fall, He left His throne on high, gave up the joys of His own court, and for their sakes came down to be their friend; to share their pains, and to die,

that they might be brought back to life.

“ He dwelt with them in their low state on the earth ; taught them how they might yet live with Him, in a world more fair than that which they were now to lose. But they would not hear, or heed Him.”

“ And now,” said Kate, as she gave rough John a

kiss, “ I have not breath to read you more to-day ; but when you come back to see me, I will read the rest.”

“ But how did this Prince of Peace come down to them ?” said John, quite struck by her tale. “ Tell me that first, Kate, and then I will leave you to rest.” She took up the book once more, and read.

“ He came in their own form of clay ; in that frame of flesh which they, by their sins, had now made vile. He came to them with words of love and peace, and strove to make them turn their hearts to Him, and to that world where they might yet live with Him. He told them, it is true, that they must mourn for their past

crimes ; but He said, if they would give up their love of sin, and turn to Him, and trust in Him with all their hearts, He would blot out all their faults ; would bear the death that was their due ; would wash their souls from guilt in His own blood, (that was the end for which He had come down to them in the flesh ;)

would shield them from the wrath to come, and take them safe, at last, into His world of peace and rest." Here Kate shut the book.

"And did they not turn to Him?" said John.

"No, they would not turn to Him, nor hear Him, nor heed Him," said she.

"Well, well," said John, with a sigh, "it is a strange

tale, and my heart tells me it is a true one ; but now, my child, I must be gone for this time, and you will be well, I hope, and can read the rest to me when I come back.”

“ And you would find it all quite true,” said she, as she put her arms round his neck to bid him good bye ; “ but I may not be here to

read it for you when you come ; and oh ! how much I wish that you could read for your - self."





PART VI.

A DEATH.

When next John came to the school, he saw with pain that his child was much worse ; and when they had sat in chat for

some time, she said to him once more, “ Oh ! how much I wish that you could read this Book for yourself. *Then* you would know all that the Prince of Peace did, to seek and to save them that were lost.”

“ What did he do next ?” said John ; “ how did He make good all that He said He would do ? — Read on,

my child, for I love to hear you."

Kate took her book and read. "He went from place to place, to teach them, and to do them good; so that they might cease to doubt His wish to save them. He told them that His blood could wash out all their guilt, and cleanse their souls, from the love of

sin ; but as they did not know how it *would* do this, they would not trust to Him, or hear Him. Some few, it is true, did turn ; but the rest would not quit their sins, nor would they hear His voice ; nay, they grew to hate Him, and to hate all those who had the least wish to love Him. So they laid a plot to put Him

to death, that they might see His face, and hear His words no more.”

“ At last He saw them come with swords and staves to take Him. He knew the death of pain, which they meant to put Him to ; and He *could* have flown from their hands with ease, if it had been His will ; yet He stood like a lamb that

is caught to be slain, and let them lay hold of Him with-out a word.

“ Then they led Him to a sad place, (the name of which was the Place of a Skull,) and there they bound Him, and smote Him, and spit on Him, and put a crown of thorns on His head ; and they thrust nails through His hands and through His

feet, and did nail Him to a cross, and let Him hang on it to die ! And while He hung on that cross in His pain, they stood to mock Him, and to rail at Him, and bade Him come down and save Him - self, since He had said that He could save them."

At this part, John said with a loud voice, (and, as

he spoke, he took the name of the Most High in vain,) “ Why did He not come down? If *I* could have got free from them, I would have gone off, and let them save them-selves as they might.”

Kate caught the sound of his words, and, with all the haste her poor lame tongue could use, she said, “ I too once thought that, if I had

been He, I would have come down ; but this book tells us, that love to man, and love of truth, were as cords that held Him fast, and bound Him to the tree.

“ He had said that He would die to save the race of man. He had come down on earth to bear that death upon the cross for them ; and now, He would not let all that

man could say or do turn Him from His plan.

“ With-out His own free will, no man, or host of men, could have bound Him ; yet, like a lamb that is dumb in the hands of those who shear it, so did He let them nail Him to the cross, and, for their sakes, He bore the pain and shame of that sad death with-out a sigh.

“ When all was done that had been told of Him, and whilst those who bound Him to the tree yet strove to find out means to put Him to more pain, He was heard to say in His love, ‘ *They know not what they do ;*’ and then He was seen to bow His head, and die !

“ At that sad hour, the sun grew dark in the midst

of the sky, and the rocks were rent, and the earth did quake ; so that some of those who stood by, and saw that scene, knew that this Prince of Peace must have been, of a truth, the SON OF GOD.

“ This was the part which I read when first you came in, and found me in tears,” said Kate. “ Is it not

strange to think, how He let Him-self be slain for *us*, and yet that not one of us can bear to die, that we may live with Him. Yet we *must* all die ere long, let us like it or not ; and, for my-self, I feel that I must soon go to my grave. It may be this day ! Will you not pray that I may be where He is ?”

Rough John put up his hand to rub his eyes : he knew not what to say. A tear made its way to his cheek ; but no one could tell whether it was brought there by the tale which Kate had read, or by the sweet soft voice, the pale face, and tone so weak, and yet so full of love and zeal, with which she had read it to him.

“ And was it this tale that made you weep, my child, when I came in ?” said he with a mild voice.

“ Well, it goes near to draw a tear from my own eyes ! But it grieves me too to see you look so pale, and to hear you talk as if you were to die.”

“ Oh ! do not grieve for that,” said she. “ I have

been long in pain, I own ; but not such pain as His who died for me. The bed from which *I* shall go to my grave is one of ease — not like His cross ! And, at *my* last hour, I shall have kind friends all round me, while He had none but foes.”

“ You must not talk to me in this sort,” said rough

John, “ I can-not bear to hear it,” and he struck the tears from his eyes. “ I can now, if you wish, take you out of this school, where I see you are made dull, and kept too close at books ; and if you will come home with me, and run and play all day long, in the pure fresh air, you will soon grow strong and well once more.”

“ I do not wish to leave this place, if you do not choose to take me from it,” said Kate. “ I shall, I think, soon quit it, to go to a new home, where I shall be at rest ! My weak frame and sick heart tell me so ; but I do not wish to leave this school, till I go to Him who sent me into it.

“ Here I have found the

words of life," said she, and as she spoke, she laid her hand on the book which she kept by her side. "In this book I am told that if I love CHRIST, I shall live with Him in His own world of joy! and I *do* love Him, and long to be with Him, where I shall see Him face to face."

Roche was heard to heave

a sigh, and he said within himself, “I ought to love God, for he has sent me a wise child ! Who has heard, till now, that one who was born dumb, could speak such things as these ?” Then he laid his hand on her head and bade God bless her : and as it was the time when he must go, he left a kiss on her pale face and went his way.

PART VII.

THE HAPPY END.

The sun had scarce got up next day, when Roche was seen at the school house gate to ask for his child : she had grown much worse in the night, and now lay

with her eyes cast up to the blue sky, which she saw from her room. There, and but there, did her looks rest, while her heart, and all her hopes, were set on the same place.

John stole to her bed side, and, at sight of him, a flush of joy spread on her cheek ; but it soon fled, and left a death like hue, which told

that she was now to quit this earth ; and though she was so glad to see him, he saw that she had still some care at heart. “ There is some thing still to be read to you,” said she with haste. “ You have not yet heard *all* I want you to know, and I think I shall yet have breath to read it for you.”

John knew it might do

her harm to read ; and he said, “ I think, my child, you *have* read it all to me ; for you read that the Prince of Peace was put to death ; and *that*, no doubt, is the end of your tale.”

“ No, no,” said she, “ thank God, that *is not the end !* He *was* put to death, and He was laid in the grave, where I shall soon

be laid too ; *but that is not the end !* *He* rose from the tomb, and so shall *I* ! He rose, says our book, and went up through the clouds to His throne on high ; and He let himself be seen as He went up, to shew *you*, and *me*, and all the *world*, that those who lie in the grave, shall one day rise from

it, as He did, and join Him in the clouds.

“ You seem to like my tale,” said she, with a smile as she came to the end ;
“ Then, when I am gone, you will learn to read it for your self, will you not ? that you may make yourself quite sure that it is true, and that you may know that this

Prince of Peace still lives, and that He stands at the right hand of God, to plead for you and me, and for all who live, that they may dwell with Him in bliss.”

As she said this, she shut her eyes, and lay as if she slept, and John wept as he sat to watch by her side. In a few hours, the signs of sleep went off, and she cast

a look on him, so full of love, that it drew fresh tears from his eyes. He bent down to kiss her, and as he did so, she said in his ear, “Death is now close at hand; I feel that I am on my way to Christ, will you not come to Him too? Come! Oh! come with your child!”

“Oh!” said John, “how can I go? I am not fit to

go ; I am not good like you, my child."

" Good," said she, with new strength, "*I* am not good ! There is *none* good *but* GOD. My heart has been so full of what is bad, that had not CHRIST said, He would blot out all my sin, I should now sink into the grave, and feel no hope

that I could rise to life with Him."

"Read His word! Oh! learn to read His word! In *it* He says, 'Come to me, *all* ye that thirst for life, and I will give you rest.' He does not say, Come *ye* who are *good*: He says, Come *all*! *You need but go to Him*, and He will take you

in ! Oh ! then, will you not go ?”

“ Glad would I be to go, my child,” said John, while tears fell in floods from his eyes, “ I would fain go, but wo is me ! I know not the way.”

A smile full of joy sat on her sweet face. “ He who taught *me* the way, will teach *you too*,” said she, and

then her pure soul took its flight to that far world, where you who read, and I who write this tale may find a place, if, with faith in CHRIST, we turn to Him, and love Him as we ought.

And now you will, I think, be glad to hear that rough John did not mourn for his child as one that had no hope. He thought so much

of the tale she had told him, that he came to me, as a young school-boy might have done, to ask how he should learn all that he ought to know of CHRIST ; and his wish was still to read the *great Book*, of which his dear Kate had been so fond.

Old as he was, he got a task each day, and at length, when some years had gone

round, he could read that Book quite through ; and CHRIST, the help of all who put their trust in Him, gave him such help, that he left off all the ways of sin, and grew to love his GOD, with all his heart, and soul, and mind.

No oaths are now heard from his mouth ; he is no more rough John, but a kind

friend to all who want his help ; and still when sin would tempt him to do wrong, the thought of his mute girl is blest to his soul ; and the tale she told him, turns his mind from sin to think upon the Prince of Peace.

May you, and I, too, dear child, still think of Him as we ought ; and may we so

live in this fair world, where
He has cast our lot, that we
may at last rise from the
grave, and join Him, in His
world of peace and love.



FRONTISPIECE. — FIRST SERIES.



TALE III. p. 228.

BABES IN A WOOD.

Here you may read a simple tale !

'Twill shew you that the Lord
Will never let his promise fail,
To those who love His word.

It tells you of a little pair,
All helpless and alone,
Whom God upheld, through deep
despair,
And kept them for His own.

May you, as they did, learn to do
His high and holy will ;
And then He'll make *you* happy too,
And bless and help you still.

ANNALS OF THE MUSEUM

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A NEW TALE
OF
BABES IN A WOOD.

IN WORDS OF EIGHT LETTERS.

PART I.

THE MAID OF SPAIN.

There was once a brave
man of our isles, who fought
for his king in a far off land.
His wife had been a maid

of Spain, whose name was Zore.

She took leave of him at the door of his tent one day, and, with a sad heart, saw him set off to fight in the war.

She stood to watch him as he went, and tears fell fast from her eyes ; while a sweet babe, whom she held in her arms, strove to kiss

them off her cheeks ; and a fine stout boy, who held by her gown, told her not to cry, for that his pa-pa would soon come back safe and well ; but scarce had the brave man gone past the out-posts of their camp, when a shell from the foe burst at his feet, and slew him on the spot.

Though a man of war, he

had been mild, as well as brave, through - out his life ; and what was more, he had such love to God, and such firm faith in Christ, that those who saw him fall, knew that he was gone to his rest, in a land of peace, where sin or strife could not reach him.

Zore, though good as he had been, was not of a

strong mind like him ; for she was young, and she had not, till now, known the loss of friends, or the pain of grief. When she heard of his fate, she left her boy and girl, and ran, at the risk of her own life, to the spot where he was slain, and would not cease to search for him till she had found his corpse ; and then, when she saw that

his last breath was gone, she lay down by his side, and did not stir till the dawn of the next day, when a troop of men-at-arms came to lay him in his grave.

She shed no tear, nor did sigh or moan pass from her lips ; but when she heard the low roll of the death drum, she rose from the earth in haste ; and when

she saw the men of his own corps march up at a slow and sad pace, to take him from her side, she fled with the speed of a hind that flies from the hounds, and did not stop till she was once more at the tent where she had left her babes.

“Come, come, my boy,” said she, as she took her son by the hand, “we must fly

from this place of war and wo ! ” But she knew not what she said or what she did, for sense had fled from her mind.

She caught her girl (just two years old) to her heart, and as the boy, at sight of her strange mien, clung to her gown in grief and fear, she ran with them both, from the camp, and got a

great way off, while no one thought that she was gone.

As she went, she told her boy, that she was on her way to her own home, in the north of Spain, and that, when she got to that place, they would all be in joy once more, for that his papa would join them there.

When the thought that he was dead, at times, struck

her heart, she would still smile and seem at peace ; for GOD would have it, that she now thought of him in his life of bliss, and not at the hour of his death ; nor did she seem to think of herself or of the loss he was to her.

“ Now ! now ! he is safe ! ” she would say, “ no shell can strike him now !

he is safe where no foe-man's gun can reach him."

From hour to hour, from day to day, she still went on, o'er hill and dale, through vale and wood ; and though she did not know which road to take, or which path to turn, One who is a guide to the blind, led her by the way she ought to go, and kept her, in his love, safe

from all that could hurt her.

Her care for her boy and girl was just the same as it had been in her best days ; and He who, from His throne on high, saw this poor sheep stray, with her young lambs, through the wilds of a false world, kept them in view, and made all those who saw them, feel for

them, and help them on their way.

She had not, on the first day, gone too far for her strength, when she was met by one who took her to his house, and gave her food and rest ; for he saw her state ; and his heart was sad for her, and for her babes. Her voice and mode of speech, told all who saw

her, from what land she came ; and those who took her in at night, gave her the food and care for which she did not ask, and sent her with a store of bread, that kept her safe from want, to some kind friend, who did the same for her next day.

In this way she went from place to place, till she got to the sea - side, at the

west coast of France ; and when she saw the waves, she said in joy to her boy, “ Come, George, we are now to get on board ship, and set sail for my own land : In a few hours we shall meet once more him whom we love ! ”

She was put at once, by kind hands, into a ship that was to sail that day for

Spain ; and as the wind was fair, she soon got into port, at a town not far from the place of her birth.

Whilst on board, it was seen that she was both ill and weak, but she did not say so, or seem to care for her state ; and when she got on shore, she did not stop to seek for help, or stay to ask her way, but went

straight on, with her girl in her arms, till both she and George, who still ran by her side, were faint from want of rest.

She had kept all the food she had got, from those who had been kind to her at sea, for her boy and girl ; for she thought but of them ; and at last she sat down to let them rest, and to give them

bread to eat ; but as soon as they had done, she got up and ran on once more, till at length she sank down at the lodge of a great Lord's house, when the cries of her babes brought out to the door those who soon found means to help them.

Zore was brought into the house, and put to bed by a nice young girl, whose name

was Fan ; and when she woke out of a long swoon, she saw her boy and girl in a calm sleep close by her side. They had been fed and clad by this kind girl, who now sat in the room to watch them, and to give them such help as she might find them stand in need of.

As Zore woke from her swoon, Fan brought her

food, and bade her try to eat ; but **Zore** could not. All she could say was, “ **God** bless the hand that feeds my babes ! ” and then she lay as if in sleep, while the girl stole from the room to let her be at rest.

PART II.

A WOLF IN THE WOOD.

But sleep came not to Zore. The dawn of a new day found her eyes bent with fond love on her boy and girl, who still slept by her side in peace ; but as

she heard the first cock crow, she rose with haste, and said, “ We shall be late, my babes ! we shall be late for the march ! ” for she now thought that she was on her march with him whom she had lost. Yet in all her haste she knelt down, as had been her wont when she was in her right mind, and gave Him thanks who

still heard all her words, and knew the pure thoughts that were in her heart.

When she had done, she woke her boy and girl, got on their clothes with no noise, and went with them from the lodge, while all that were within its walls thought she slept.

She then ran on, once more, till she found herself

in a lone path which led her through the midst of a close dark wood ; and here she sat down on a stone at the foot of a tree to rest. She felt too weak to hold her child, and laid it on the sod close by her, whilst the boy threw himself down by its side to rest too. The trees, o'er their heads, lent a kind shade, to shield them from

the sun ; and Zore soon laid her-self down by the side of her babes ; but scarce had she strength to stretch her limbs on the grass when she sank once more into a swoon.

George thought she slept, and did not stir lest he might wake her ; for though the girl lay wrapt in deep sleep, *he* still kept watch,

with looks of grief and love,
o'er her who could not now
watch for him.

At length he saw her
move, and he knew that
she was ill. As the last
hour of her life drew nigh,
her mind got clear, and she
said to him, " Lie still, my
boy ; lie still and sleep.
Keep close to my poor babe ;
Oh ! clasp her to your heart,

and try to keep her safe from harm ! I leave you now, and leave her to your care, but GOD will stay with you, and guard you both.”

She cast her eyes on high, and thought of all that CHRIST had done for her ; and how he held young babes in his arms to bless them ; and then her faith grew strong. “ To Thee

will I go ; to Thee will I leave them without fear," said she, and the words were her last.

Her son, that he might do as he was told, crept close to the side of his young charge, and took her in his arms ; but grief and fear would not let him speak.

The sun shone on them,

where they lay, as if its rays were sent to warm and cheer them ; and though George had his heart still full of awe, and the tears yet lay upon his cheek, with arms still round the babe, he sank into rest as deep and calm as her own.

They had not lain long in this state when Zore put forth her arm with the wish

to strain them to her heart for the last time ; but in the act, that heart gave its last throb, and her arm fell without life on those she left.

She is gone from her babes, and from this world of wo ! Who, then, will guard them from the ills of life ? Wild beasts in flocks, are in that wood, and they

may come and seize them while they sleep. One of the fierce storms of that land may rise ; the wind, and rain, and hail - stones, and fire, may fall upon them ; and who is there to save or guard them ? We shall see.

It was not long till a huge old wolf came by that way. He crept close to the spot

where the babes lay, and stood to gaze at them. He set his teeth, and gave a howl of joy ; and the glare of his eyes, as he stole near to them, (had they not slept,) might have struck them dead with fear.

They must go now ; no one is near to save them !

Ah, no ! God would have it, that she who had kept

watch for them through life should still guard them, though she lay in death. Those beasts that are most wild will not, we are told, prey upon the dead ; and this fierce wolf, when he had put his mouth to the cold arm that lay upon the babes, went off from them, and left the group at rest.

Are they now safe? Not yet.

A storm came on, and its loud blast was heard to join with the deep howl of the wild beasts. All who could, fled from its rage to the first roof where they might be safe. But what roof is there to shield the two poor babes? where can they go, or who

will take them in? The trees, as yet, have kept them from its force, but the rain and hail must soon pierce the leaves, and the next flash of fire may kill them.

The storm was at its worst, but still the babes slept in peace. And now a new ill drew near them. A chaise and four drove at full speed through that dark

wood, and up the path quite close to where they lay; but yet they were not hurt, nor were they seen.

An old man (he was rich, and great, and good as our frail flesh can be) sat in that chaise; but his heart was sunk by grief. He saw and heard the storm, but he thought not of it for his own sake. He was on his

way to seek his child ; one that he felt for, at all times, more than for him - self : he had but one, and she, at that time, sat in a church yard near at hand, and wept for a loss which as yet she knew not how to bear.

She had been the wife of a young lord who was the pride and joy of all who knew him, but he had been

cut off in the midst of his days; and she, who ought to have been the prop of this old man's age, was sunk so deep in wo, that she was now as one whose heart was dead to all the world.

In one short month she had lost her lord and two sweet babes, (a boy and a girl,) and she now sat by the grave where they all lay,

and did not heed the storm that blew so strong all round her.

Lord Hare — (yes, my young friends, the good old man of whom I speak is he ; you know him well) — he had seen his child pass through the wood, and he now came out in haste to fetch her from the tombs.

At his first word, she rose

and went to him. (It was Jane Hare, that mild and sweet girl of whom you have read in my first tales.) She got into the chaise, and they set out from the grave yard to drive home by the same short path by which they had come through the wood.

As they went, Jane strove, for his sake, to dry her tears ; and while the storm blew

loud and strong, she said, with a voice of peace, “ I am wrong, quite wrong, to grieve as I have done for those who are now at rest. They are safe from all the storms of life ; and I will hence - forth try to live, that I may be the friend of all who want my aid. God will, I trust, for His Son’s sake, grant me His grace,

and help me to be your child once more.”

“ Yes, He *will* bless thee, my child,” said Lord Hare, “ and make you all that my heart could wish.” But he had scarce time to end the words ; for as he spoke, Jane laid her hand upon his arm, and gave a call that made the coach - man stop. A sight had caught her eyes





which could be seen by none with-out a pang.

She saw two babes lie in deep sleep on the cold earth, wrapt in the folds of their own soft arms ; and at their side she saw the form of one that slept in death, whose arm, at full length, lay on them both, as if its last act had been to try to shield them from the storm.

As the chaise stopt, and all cast a look on the pale form, they thought within them - selves, that the soul which had just fled from that frail clay, must have staid its flight in air, to watch those babes, and guard them in their sleep.

PART III.

A HOUSE OF REST.

Lord Hare and Jane got down from the chaise with haste ; and while the footmen ran for help, and made it their first care to treat the dead with all due rites,

Jane took up the boy, and laid him in the arms of Lord Hare, who took him, still in sleep, into the chaise. Then with more care she took the girl, and as she drew it to her heart, she said, that it should not want a friend while she had life.

They now drove to their home, (that fine house at which poor Zore had last

night stopt,) and they got safe through all the storm.

As the chaise drew up at the hall door, George put out his arms as if to rise, but he threw them round Lord Hare, his eyes were still shut, and he sank once more to rest, and dreamt that he still held the babe whom he had got in charge from his mam - ma.

Their Best Friend had wrapt them both in such sweet sleep, that Jane had brought them into the house, laid them on a warm bed, and seen them get some hours of rest, ere they made signs to stir.

Tears fell from her eyes, as she sat by them, and thought of her own sweet babes ; but these, she said,

had been sent to her in their place, and she made a vow, in her heart, to love and keep them, for the sake of Him who sent them.

As she spoke, the boy rose up in bed, and cast his eyes on her, with a look of hope ; but the look grew into a stare of awe. His heart beat quick, and his breath came fast ; yet he

gave no signs of fear, for Jane had a face so sad, and yet so full of love, that, at the first glance, he might have thought it like to hers for whom he now sought in vain all round the room.

It was long ere he spoke, for he knew not how to say all that he had the wish to ask. At length sobs burst from his breast, and Jane,

in kind words, bade him tell her what she could do for him.

“ I want my mam - ma ; and I want the babe that she bid me to keep safe for her sake,” said he, and as he spoke, he strove to get down from the bed.

But Jane said, “ The babe is by your side, still in

your own care ; turn round, sweet boy, and look at her.”

Then I wish you had seen the look of joy he gave, as he saw young Zore lie in a sound sleep in that soft bed by his side.

“ You will let me help you to take care of this dear babe ; will you not ?” said Jane, “ and you will let me

be, as far as I can, a mamma to it, and to you."

"You may be a mamma to me," said George, "but I will keep Zore *all* to my-self;" as he spoke, he caught the child in his arms so fast, as to rouse her from her sleep.

"You shall have her all to your-self," said Lord Hare, who just then came

in : “ Yes,” said Jane, “ I will but help you in your care of her, and God, I trust, will help us both.”

Zore now rose, and cast her soft eyes first on George, who held her in his arms, and then on all those in the room, as if she was in search of some one whom she could not see ; and when she did not find the face she sought

for, her faint cry went to the hearts of all who heard her.

George took her from the bed, and though he scarce could dress him-self, he lent his help to put on all the nice new clothes which Fan brought in for her; and when some food was brought, he would not taste it till he had first seen her eat her share.

When their meal was at an end, and Jane had taught them to give thanks to Him who sent it, they ran with their kind friend Fan all through the house, and were seen (Zore still with her hand in that of George) to stop, and stare, and smile, at all they saw.

A week had scarce gone round when they felt such

love for Jane and Fan, and for Lord Hare, that they were as much at ease as if the place had been still their own ; and all who were in the house grew fond of them, for they were quick, yet mild — wise, yet full of glee.

At times George would weep for his own mam - ma, and would talk to Fan of

the day when she lay down in the wood to die ; and how she had bid him take care of her poor babe ; and how he thought, in his sleep, that he saw her go up to God, and smile as she cast down a look on Zore and him.

Then he would run to Zore, and kiss her with fond love, as if it was for sake of their mam - ma he did so.

It was now but at morn or eve that Zore would look for her mam-ma, or seem to miss her; but still at those hours she would lisp her name, and call for her to “come back to her own Zore,” in sounds that made poor Fan shed tears. But that good girl told her and George that God had sent them a new and kind mam-

ma, in place of her whom they had lost.

The time was now come for Lord Hare to quit the warm clime of Spain, and go back to his own land, which he had left in search of health. I need not say that George and Zore went with them ; nor could I tell which, Jane, or Fan, or he, was most in joy to have them.

As the young pair got on in years, their three friends still grew to love them more and more. They taught them all that it was fit for them to learn, but most of all, they taught them how to love and serve their God.

When George was grown to full age, he was made a priest, and had the care of a large church, with means to

be of much use in the world ; and Zore had large means too from Jane ; for as she grew up both wise and good, her fond friend bade her not to spare her purse, but to do with it all the good that was in her heart.

The first act of George was to build a nice house for those who had no home ; and Fan and Zore had leave

to keep it in their charge. Those who were sick or sad, or old or poor, found rest with-in its walls ; and when the storms of life beat hard, when the rains fell, and the winds blew, then the young pair were glad to think that those who stood in need of aid might find from them the same help and care which they had met with when they

slept in the wood through
all the storm, with none but
God to be their safe-guard.

Those who find their way
into the hall of that house,
may there read these lines :

In weal or wo, through good or ill,
The Lord of Life is with us still ;
And if His love dwells in our breast,
He'll find us out some place of rest.
But if we do not keep His way,
Or will not think of Him, and pray,

I dare not speak the dreadful sound—
Ah! tell me, where shall we be found?
May Christ avert the awful doom;
And, when our souls rise from the
tomb,
May He, our only strength, be nigh,
To take us to His rest on high!

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